1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

captive turtles; and a few human beings were sitting or lying in the midst of all this, and exposed to all of the elements.

Among primitive people news travels rapidly. Landaeta, in this case, received me with the air of one who was expecting a visitor and it turned out that my reputation had preceded me. Not only did he know that I was in the country, but also why I was there. He was expecting me in order to teach me his ways and the ways of his people, and to learn my ways and the ways of my people. To him I was a shaman, no different than himself, who knew their mother goddess intimately and who was perhaps related to the gods themselves. He asked me for pictures of Kuma and Kuma's land. I soon discovered that he was under the illusion that in some way I was on intimate terms with the Yaruro's god.

A little to one side a branch was planted in the sand, and lying in its thin shade a girl was waiting to die. She was burning with fever and delirious. Her people were hovering over her, without being able to alleviate her sufferings or to help her to the end of life. Her malady was a new one to them, passed on by the newcomers to their world, and therefore they had no remedy for it.

The sick girl was Landaeta's daughter and as one physician to another, he came to me requesting that I save his daughter from death. Being neither physician, magician, nor priest, I responded to his plea the best way I could. Lest I be drawn into a situation of attempting to cure a sick person without adequate knowledge of the sickness or its remedy, I moved off the same day to seek other Yaruros; but only after Landaeta had promised that he would commence his journey in the cool of the evening and rejoin me several days later.

It has often been said that to accept the promise of a primitive Indian is to abandon all thought of its being remembered. Perhaps it would seem that I put too much faith and trust in my friends in sitting down to wait for them to join me. But a promise made and accepted without coercion is to the Indian one that has to be kept; and, as in many other cases of my experience with primitive people, this one was kept.

That the feeling of suspicion had not disappeared completely was proven by the attitude of another hunting group which I visited. I went alone among them, and unarmed. On my arrival in a canoe, carrying no equipment, they sullenly warned me to keep away from them and their camp. However, good will is never unproductive, and when they saw that I merely squatted on the sands, shared my tobacco with them, said nothing, and then cheerfully paddled away, their hearts must have melted, for several days later they too had joined my band of friends, later becoming among those most deeply attached to me.